

**Maine Farmer.**

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.
Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Should our Farmers Organize?

Maine farmers sell hay, potatoes, apples, oats, butter, cheese, eggs, poultry. The hay and potatoes go out of the State; the oats, butter and smaller products are hardly furnished in sufficient quantity to supply our local markets. Great quantities of potatoes are shipped from the Penobscot river, and hay from the Kennebec, which finds a market out of the State. Oats, butter and cheese are imported from New York, Vermont, Massachusetts and Canada. Eggs are sent to Boston market, and in the fall turkeys and other poultry are also sent in small quantities.

When the farmer has anything to sell he carries it to the nearest market, and his first question to the country merchant or buyer is, what do you pay for such an article? This very question puts him and his product completely into the hands of the buyer, and being obliged, so to speak, to sell, he takes what the buyer chooses to give. We are told that in an enterprising village in the eastern central portion of the State, the terminus of a railroad, the merchants meet every night in a sort of "Board of Trade" meeting and regulate the prices to be paid on the following day for all kinds of country produce that may be offered. The farmer may go into ten or a dozen stores in succession and will get the same price offered him in each store, whatever article he has to sell. As he must take this low price or carry his article home, he almost invariably sells for from three to five cents less per pound or bushel, less than what he should. The farmer who puts his products into market at home, must do so in competition with the same products produced abroad. If one sells oats he expects to get what the buyers would have to pay for Canadian oats, and in addition the cost of transportation. Vermont butter can be brought into any Maine town on a line of railroad, at a small expense per pound of skyrin; but there is no reason why the Maine merchant should not pay the Maine farmer the same for his butter that he does for the Vermont article, and the cost of freight added.

Maine as a State does not produce sufficient butter, cheese, oats, beef, wool, or wheat for its own consumption. Flour is purchased in immense quantities; our large cities are supplied with wheat flour purchased in Brighton and brought here to be slaughtered; factories made cheese, and Vermont butter are found in more than half the stores in the State; oats are imported from Canada, and the wool clip of Maine does not reach a tenth part of the domestic consumption of this article. Now this is not a very encouraging picture, but it carries with it a lesson of very great consequence to our farmers. Why cannot we produce our butter, cheese, wheats, oats and beef, and why cannot our farmers obtain for these products at all times the highest prices in our markets, or the same price that foreign products of the same quality bring? Wheat culture is largely increasing in Maine; our cheese factories, we hope will also extend so that farmers will find it to their advantage to increase their cows to that number that we may be able in a few years to make sufficient cheese for our own consumption, and when our farms are brought back to where they were three years ago, in regard to the production of hay, why need our butchers go to Brighton for fat steers?

But there is some trouble in connection with this matter that must be remedied. These of farm products to combine these products at the lowest prices; farmers have never combined to demand a certain price per pound or bushel for their products and hold them until the buyers give it. But why should they not do so? Rather, must they not do so in the future or continue to suffer in consequence of being at the mercy of combinations of buyers? Why not the farmers of Maine regulate, to a certain extent—and that extent limited only to the outside price—any article will command in the great markets—the prices of all the products they have to sell? For instance, good hay is worth in Boston market, the year round, about such a price; oats generally command a certain sum; potatoes usually bring a given price spring and fall. Now there are many small farmers, who need to turn their surplus products, generally small lots, into ready cash, and at times it may be hard to sell these articles. Why cannot the farmers in every town combining to hold the surplus products in that town, by the time of year, to be sold at a higher price? And with such a plan as this extended through all the towns in the State, why may not Maine farmers form a combination for their own benefit and protection, that will secure their fair return and honorable dealing from all who buy the products of our farms? Who will start such an association as this, or suggest some means for putting it in operation?

The True Squash Bug.

A thoughtful and provident neighbor, whose little garden is to him a world where he closely observes the workings of Nature in her mysterious and interesting processes; takes us to remind our readers to be on the lookout for that foe to squash vines, the true squash bug. Readers are watchful as our neighbor, like the Irishman who found the hole where he fell into it, have no doubt before this observed his depredations, as it makes its appearance about the middle of June. The only way of dealing with this enemy to vegetation is to "stamp him out," and in this work the large size of the beetle is in favor of the who engages in the offensive warfare, the beetle being readily observed from its large size. Visit the vines daily, find the enemies, and just put the foot top of them in a solid manner. Whatever contributes to bring forward the young plants rapidly, as manure water, thereby promoting the vigor and luxuriance of foliage, renders them less liable to suffer from the exhausting punctures of the bugs. For the information of our young entomological readers we may say that the scientific name of this bug is *Coris tristis*, belonging to the order Homoptera.

The present Senior class of the Maine State College at Orono, have engaged the Germania Band of Boston for their concert at Commencement, Wednesday, August 6th. A distinguished singer will also be engaged for the occasion—which promises to be of unusual interest.

denying they are; one or two of which we might name if necessary.

Whatever may be the force of the statements that Withersell was not a Messenger, it is plain that this fact goes a long way in proving him to be a Messenger—his stock has everywhere been good; and there is to the Messengers a remarkable staying or lasting quality, that carries its own evidence with it. While the Dolphin blood has been unknown for years, and while other horses that stood in Somerset County at the time of Withersell, have failed to keep up a reputation, the get of Withersell in that section are prized among the best horses in Somerset County, the Withersell mares there, producing with other crosses, some of the best horses of the time.

Lessons from the Winter.

Two weeks ago we alluded to the effects of the winter on the fruit trees. Much of the knowledge which guides the fruit grower and the farmer in his operations is gained from experience; and many times experience is of value, though gained from the loss of valuable trees, costing years of watchful attention, and from the loss of crops which a single misstep has induced. The fruit grower will find of advantage placed within his reach, unless he is obliged, so to speak, to sell, he takes what the buyer chooses to give. We are told that in an enterprising village in the eastern central portion of the State, the terminus of a railroad, the merchants meet every night in a sort of "Board of Trade" meeting and regulate the prices to be paid on the following day for all kinds of country produce that may be offered. The farmer may go into ten or a dozen stores in succession and will get the same price offered him in each store, whatever article he has to sell. As he must take this low price or carry his article home, he almost invariably sells for from three to five cents less per pound or bushel, less than what he should. The farmer who puts his products into market at home, must do so in competition with the same products produced abroad. If one sells oats he expects to get what the buyers would have to pay for Canadian oats, and in addition the cost of transportation. Vermont butter can be brought into any Maine town on a line of railroad, at a small expense per pound of skyrin; but there is no reason why the Maine merchant should not pay the Maine farmer the same for his butter that he does for the Vermont article, and the cost of freight added.

The destructive effects of the cold alluded to in our former article, was not by any means universal. Many orchards of all kinds of fruit trees are to be found showing none of the effects whatever of the low temperature. The apple and pear trees are to day showing a full, healthy foliage, and fruit well set, while other trees, small fruit and tender shrubs are in healthy condition. The cause of the destruction apparent on the one hand, and the entire exemption from anything of the kind on the other, is without doubt fully accounted for by the difference in temperature of the localities where the trees were standing. In our observations thus far we have seen no orchard located upon high lands showing any damage by winter killing, however much it was exposed to the cold winds from the north and west. It is well known that in the severely cold weather of winter, the mercury falls much lower in the valleys bordering on streams and ponds, than is registered on the highlands. This difference in temperature of the localities where the trees were standing. In the case of the cold registered last winter reached twenty-five, thirty, or more degrees below zero, the fruit trees are many of them either killed entirely or at the present time bearing many dead branches; and those in which life remains are showing a thin and weak foliage. On the stone and rocky highlands, elevated a hundred feet or so above the valleys, where the mercury did not fall below minus twenty, the trees are full in leaf, vigorous and healthy. Exempt from the discouragements encountered by those who have not heeded the experience of others, we hope will also extend so that farmers will find it to their advantage to increase their cows to that number that we may be able in a few years to make sufficient cheese for our own consumption, and when our farms are brought back to where they were three years ago, in regard to the production of hay, why need our butchers go to Brighton for fat steers?

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Now many parties have raised the question, whether from self interest or some other motive does not appear, if the student Young Morrell, formerly owned in Manchester, N. H., and now owned by S. R. Perkins, Esq., of the Charles River Hotel, North Brighton, Mass., was the sire of the noted Farnsworth. Fortunately, the latter horse is not so old, but reliable parties are now living who know his pedigree on both sides—know that his sire was Young Morrell and his dam the Jeannie, formerly owned by Greenleaf C. Brown of Stratham, N. H., and that she is owned in that town by William G. Brown, and at the age of twenty-three years stands plumb on her pins and acts as vigorous as before she reached season. To give greater weight to this matter, the above horse has been embodied in affidavits and properly certified to by Wm. G. Brown and B. H. Moulton both of Stratham, who saw the young Morrell serve the Jeannie, at a proper time after which she foaled Farnsworth. Now that Farnsworth is rapidly rising in value, the above facts have great importance.

One of the lessons, then, again repeated, is to plant fruit trees upon high lands. There need be no fear if the land incline to the north or west, or if the trees be exposed to the cutting winds from the same quarter. With good care, in such locations, they will grow and thrive as well as the forests which formerly occupied the land, and will bear fruit to gladden the heart of the owner. Many of the best orchards in the State are found in such localities. Of course every owner of a homestead, wherever located, should plant fruit trees to supply the wants of his own family; but if fruit growing is to be made a specialty—if extensive orchards are to be planted, a location should be selected insured against as many of the casualties which beset the business, as is possible.

The all-fruit trees standing in unfavorable localities are not alike injured. Some varieties, not only of pears, but also of apples, will bear unjured a greater degree of cold than others. Of two trees standing side by side, one is found thrifty and growing, and the other perhaps quite dead. Here too, is a chance to learn valuable lessons—to learn which are the hardy and which are the tender varieties. The Baldwin as heretofore proves tender. Many a man has paid dearly for knowledge he could have had from those of more experience for the asking, as whole rows of dead Baldwin trees now emphatically attest. The Rhode Island Greening proves harder—Tolman's Sweet will stand almost any degree of cold. Ribston Pippin, so far as we have been able to observe, proves hardy. Of summer and autumn apples the Red Astrachan, Duchess of Oldenburgh, and Gravenstein are among the hardest. Our observations among pear trees on low lands have not been extensive enough this season to get any new facts. We have visited several fruit gardens on high lands, where not a pear tree of any kind was injured.

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We publish in another column a letter from Mr. A. J. Downes of Mercer, relating to the history of the Withersell horse, one of the most noted stallions ever kept in Somerset County. Although quite young at the time, we distinctly remember this horse and know his owner Mr. S. B. Withersell very well. We can testify, with Mr. Downes' father and brother (the latter for some years pastor of the Congregational church in Norridgewock) to the christian character of Mr. Withersell, and to his high standing for integrity and reliability.

Unfortunately, during his prime, when his mind became clouded, and at times he lost all reason.

In considering this matter it must be remembered that at that time there was no pain taken, there is now in preserving the correct pedigree of horses, and also that there was then the same rivalry between owners of stallions of different blood, that there has been since. Unscrupulous men, then as now, were slow to devise means whereby they could impose upon the unsuspecting, and would do much to try to carry off their ends.

If they can also take into account, that they have a rival horse obtaining as they thought, more notice or popularity than their own, would it not be natural for them to say he was not the blood represented? Even now, we have instances of horses being claimed as of certain blood, and other parties as positively

Obituary.

Recent exchanges bring to us intelligence of the decease of two prominent and devoted workers in the cause of agricultural and rural improvement.

Rev. John Lewis Russell, a graduate of Harvard University, a prominent minister of the Unitarian denomination, Professor of Botany to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and a prominent contributor to our horticultural literature, died at his residence in Salem, Mass., at the age of 65 years.

Hon. Joseph Brock, for some years editor and publisher of the old *New England Farmer*, and of the *Monthly Horticultural Journal*, one of the founders and for many years President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a prominent dealer in agricultural implements and better known as the author of "Brock's Book of Flowers," died at Brighton, on the same day as Mr. Russell, at the age of 79.

May the good example of these good men long continue upon the earth, and may young men come forth, influenced by their example, to carry forward the good work to which their lives were devoted.

Early Hay.

The articles that have already appeared in our columns the present summer, regarding the early cutting of grass for hay, evidence that the farmers of our State are beginning to realize the importance of early haying to a far greater extent than has formerly been the case. It is better to commence haying a week too soon, so to speak, than to be in the drug a week or two after grass has got dead ripe, and become of little value for hay. Many kinds of grass are just right to cut by the last week in June, and then the different varieties ripen in succession so that the work of haying can be pushed vigorously until all is completed.

Let me call your attention for a moment to some of the prominent species of insects that injure the apple trees and fruit. Beginning at the root, we have the apple borer, which is caused by a species of aphid, or root louse, which is found on the bark of the root, and the wood of the stem, causing the tree to be stunted and stunted, and to die. Another species of aphid, or root louse, which is found on the bark of the root, and the wood of the stem, causing the tree to be stunted and stunted, and to die.

Entomologists have learned of more than a score of insects which prey directly on the apple tree and its fruit, and perhaps there is no more destructive pest than the apple maggot, which is found on the bark of the root, and the wood of the stem, causing the tree to be stunted and stunted, and to die.

Such was a bit of conversation between two farmers in market one day last winter, which might have been overheard by any one standing where I was. It is a fact that there are a multitude of species of aphids, or root louse, which are found on the bark of the root, and the wood of the stem, causing the tree to be stunted and stunted, and to die.

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Poetry.

THE SONG-SPARROW.
BY G. P. LATHROP.

Glimmers gray the leafless thicket,
There, beside the garden gate,
There, where the sparrow sits,
Hops the sparrow, little, sedate,
With a song,
Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
That his little heart beat;
For he is here to perch and peep,
And to twitter, too, and till
The garden gate, the garden screen.

With a fond, family mien,
Came to sun himself and sing.

Once there, there was a nest,
In the garden gate, the garden screen;

Of these twigs that touch his brest;

Though the song goes now, the garden gate
Is still the same, the garden screen.

But the bird—
Beat the bough—
And it so.

So too our own nests are tossed,

Blown by the winter's frost.

Woods we dwelt in, groves, we roamed;

Woods we dwelt in, woods we roamed.

For wing'd hopes partly summer-sowned.

But we, with spring-days nallow,

And the sparrow's risalio;

Sealed still its old sweep;

Then, with still bullet and still wing,

With a song, still song,

Gurgling over the breast;

And thy breathing, broose-like, sings.

So thus through the sawdow'w spurs,

And the sharp and sharp the pointed bud;

The bold birds with wings with noise;

Still my ruk'r thymatic word;

Stilles thy rare strain, dear bird.

And when you have heard,

This will joy your brain;

It is better far than naught;

Thee is nothing and about

On the tide that swells the shore.

—Norther's for July.

Our Story Teller.

A DASHING EXPLOIT.

When the revolution of 1830 set in, Alexandre Dumas, then a very young man, and seeing nothing in life but one series of tableaux, took his stance in the capacity of a skirmisher.

He tells the whole story of his memoirs, and his account seems an anticipation of the best portion of *Rabouen*.

He had no desire to seize some small expedition to seize some small adventure, will be found one of the most stirring bits of adventure in modern times.

He had heard Lafayette say that if the King were to be taken, he would be no powder to meet him. Alexandre conceived a bold scheme, and proposed to the general to set off for Soissons—a town he well knew—and seize on the magazine there.

Lafayette lauged at the idea, and said, "I am sure you will be captured."

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